

# Dan'l Boone

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

## GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

JAN.  
NO. 5

10c





[illegible]



# HI KIDS! GET IN MY DAVY CROCKETT PLAYHOUSE TENT!

**GET YOURS  
\$1.00  
ONLY COMPLETE**



Davy Crockett Frontier life is here for your kiddies to thrill and enjoy in this large size Davy Crockett playhouse tent. Think of it! In your own back yard where the kiddies can play safely you can set this tent up in a jiffy for frontier and pioneer enjoyment. Even set it up in the house on rainy days. It's a full 10 ft. around. Large enough for your kiddies to play in with their friends. Presto Chango you set it up in seconds. No tools needed. Slips over any standard card table. Made of sturdy, durable, washable, safe—flameproof DuPont plastic. The realistic Davy Crockett design adds a picturesque touch of realism. Now, for the first time, can your kiddies live in the great outdoors just like America's favorite hero Davy Crockett. This Davy Crockett playhouse tent brings the wild woolly West right to your door. Rush your order while supplies are available at the low price of \$1.00 for your complete Davy Crockett playhouse tent.

**AN  
IDEAL  
GIFT**

**LARGE  
ENOUGH FOR 2 KIDS  
SETS UP IN A JIFFY  
NO TOOLS NEEDED**

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## STURDILY BUILT OF DU PONT DURABLE PLASTIC

No matter how rough the kiddies abuse this heavy plastic giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent it will withstand their vicious attacks. Makers realizing how rough kiddies can be have used extra heavy plastic to ensure long, long wear. It has already been hailed by parents as a wonderful plaything creation. Your kiddies will enjoy it, too. Order yours today.

## 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order your giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent at our risk. Set it up and let the kiddies play with it. If not delighted return in 10 days for full refund of the purchase price. Supplies are limited. Price is \$1.00 plus 25c for postage, packing and handling. Only 3 to a customer. Rush coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.

COMPIX, Dept. DB 5

10 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

Send your newly created, colorful, complete giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent at once. It is understood if I am not delighted after 10 day trial I will return for full refund of the purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 plus 25c for postage, for each giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent ordered.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# Dan'l Boone

**SPOTTED DOG**  
AND HIS WAR  
PARTY WERE DEAD-  
SURE THEY'D MADE  
A CLEAN GETAWAY  
WITH THEIR CAPTIVES!  
BUT THEY HADN'T  
RECKONED ON  
DAN'L BOONE AND  
THE

**SPRIT**  
Of The  
**FRONTIER!**



**SPRING**  
WAS COMING  
IN ON  
THE WILD  
FRONTIER-  
AND THE  
YOUNG  
NED  
BARLOW  
WAS ALL  
SMILES  
AS HE  
JOGGED  
ALONG  
THE  
FOREST  
TRAIL...

JUST GOT WORD THAT POLLY'S  
MA HAS COME IN FROM  
VIRGINIA! THAT'S ALL OUR  
WEDDIN'S BEEN WAITIN' ON!



OH!! I'M HEADED TO BE WEDDED  
WITH THE GAL I'VE LOVED SO LONG!  
AND THAT SURE IS PLENTY REASON TO  
BURST OUT INTO SONG! ♪ ♪ ♪





NED PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT-- AND INDIANS KEPT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE TURKEY BUZZARDS! BUT THEN--



THAT'S JUST HOW IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IF A RIFLESHOT HADN'T RUNG OUT JUST THEN--!





YOUR FATHER WAS A FRONTIERSMAN, POLLY... I KNOW WHAT BEING MARRIED TO ONE MEANS... THE HARDSHIPS AND THE HEARTACHES! I'D NEVER HAVE LET YOU STAY ON OUT HERE WITH YOUR UNCLE IF I HADN'T BEEN TOO SICK TO THINK STRAIGHT WHEN THEY CARRIED ME BACK TO VIRGINIA...

NED!



POLLY, HONEY--!

NED... I-I'M NOT MARRYING YOU! MY MOTHER WON'T LET ME!

I'VE NOTHING AGAINST YOU PERSONALLY, YOUNG MAN-- IT'S THE LIFE YOU'RE OFFERING MY DAUGHTER THAT I'M OPPOSED TO...



"...THE ENDLESS BACKBREAKING CHORES... THE INDIAN RAIDS... THE TERRIBLE WAITING ALONE - WONDERING IF YOUR MAN WILL EVER COME BACK EVERY TIME HE SETS OFF FOR THE DARK FOREST!"



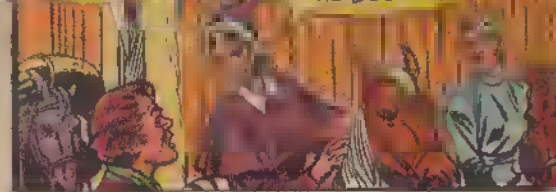
I-I'M SORRY, NED... BUT I CAN'T GO AGAINST MY MOTHER'S WISHES. SHE'S SUFFERED SO MUCH ALREADY.

YOU'VE TOLD HIM, POLLY-- NOW LET'S GET STARTED!



DON'T TELL ME THE TWO OF YE ARE SETTIN' OUT ALONE FOR VIRGINIA?!

YOU FORGET THAT I WAS A FRONTIERSWOMAN ONCE, YOUNG MAN! BESIDES, IT'LL BE BETTER FOR EVERYBODY... YOU AND POLLY WILL BE ABLE TO START FORGETTING EACH OTHER ALL THE SOONER!



POLLY'S MA WON'T HEED ME... BUT MAYBE IF I GET DAN'L BOONE TO TALK TO HER...

BOONE!... DAN'L BOONE!



BUT IT TOOK NED A LONG TIME TO CATCH UP WITH BOONE, WHO'D GONE OFF TO HELP ONE OF THE SETTLERS SURVEY SOME LAND! AND SO--

SPOTTED DOG -- LOOK! TWO WHITE SQUAWS RIDING ALONE!





BOONANS!

NO USE CRYING OUT, POLLY--  
WE'RE TOO DEEP IN THE FOREST  
TO BE HEARD... AND IT WILL ONLY  
ANGER THE SAVAGES!



YOU COME WITH US TO INDIAN COUNTRY!  
SPOTTED DOG WILL GET MUCH RANSOM  
FOR THE TWO OF YOU!



LATER... TOO BAD  
IT TOOK BUT YOU  
FIND ME, NED. CAN TRAIL  
THESE TRACKS 'EM--CAN'T  
SHOW THAT POLLY AND HER MA WERE  
TAKEN BY INJUNS. YE, BOONE?



AFTER FOLLOWING THE WAR  
PARTY FOR A SPELL--

CAN'T CLOSE IN ON THEM  
FROM HERE... COUNTRY'S TOO  
OPEN... THEY'RE LIKELY TO  
HARM THE WOMEN-FOLK SOON  
AS THEY SPOT US!



WE'RE CUTTIN' AWAY FROM  
THEIR TRAIL... INTO THEIR  
IF THEY CHANGE, COUNTRY! IF  
COURSE, WE'LL THEY DON'T MAKE  
NEVER FIND FOR THAT  
'EM! RAVINE... MY  
NAME'S NOT DAN'L  
BOONE!



WE'RE SURE  
TAKIN' THE  
LONG AND  
HARD ROAD!

COULDN'T COME UP ON THEM  
ANY OTHER WAY WITHOUT  
BEIN' SPOTTED! SOON AS  
WE'RE OVER THAT RIDGE-LINE,  
NED-- TAKE A FAST LOOK-SEE  
DOWN!



YE WERE RIGHT, BOONE--  
THEY'RE HEADED STRAIGHT  
FOR THE RAVINE!

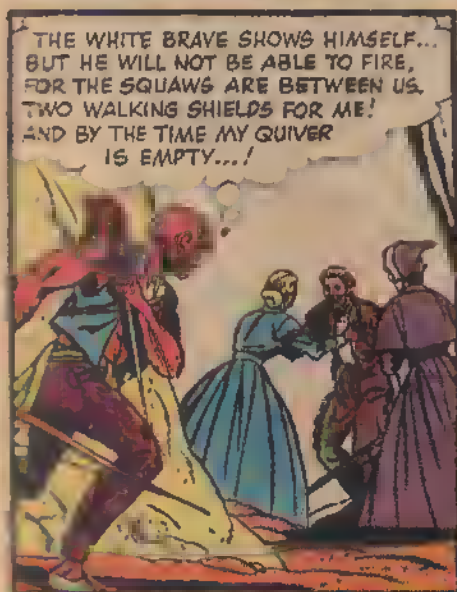
THAT'S SPOTTED DOG  
LEADIN' THEM, NED!  
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH  
TIME-- NOW LISTEN  
HARD...!



THE INDIANS AND THEIR CAPTIVES ARE WELL INSIDE THE RAVINE WHEN--



AFTER A FAST POW-WOW WITH HIS WARRIORS...





YE SHOT WILD  
SPOTTED DOG--



-- BUT MY FIST IS  
AIMED TRUE!



STAND  
BACK--  
ALL OF  
YE!

WE WILL NOT MOVE! WE GAVE OUR  
PLEDGE TO FREE THE SQUAWS... WE  
ARE SHAMED BY SPOTTED DOG'S  
TREACHERY!



SOON AS I SPOTTED THIS VARMINT AT THE  
HEAD OF THE WAR PARTY, I KNEW WE COULD  
COUNT ON SOME DEVILMENT DURIN' THE  
EXCHANGE. THAT'S HOW COME I CLIMBED DOWN  
THE SIDE OF THE RAVINE WHILE NED HELD  
THEIR EYE FROM  
THE PASS.

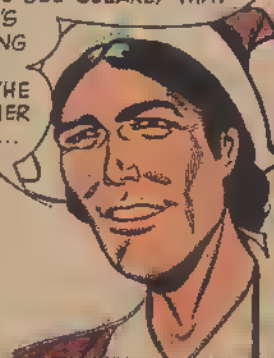


BOONE--  
WILL YE  
SPEAK TO  
POLLY'S  
MA NOW?

THERE'LL BE NO  
NEED TO, NED,  
SEEING YOU TWO  
\*IN ACTION JUST  
NOW... YOUR  
COURAGE AND QUICK-  
THINKING...



... SHOWED ME HOW BLINDED  
I'D BEEN BY SOFT VIRGINIA  
LIVING AND THE SCARED TALK  
OF CITY-BRED RELATIVES!  
IT'S ALL COME BACK TO ME  
NOW... THE GOOD AND THE  
JOYOUS LIVING OUT HERE,  
AS WELL AS THE HARD!  
AND I SEE CLEARLY THAT  
THERE'S  
NOTHING  
FINER  
THAN THE  
FRONTIER  
SPIRIT...



... NOR ANYBODY BETTER FOR  
POLLY TO MARRY THAN A  
FRONTIERSMAN!



The  
End

# AND NOW THE AMAZING DAVY CROCKETT COMICSCOPE

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE — PATENTED

**PRACTICALLY  
A GIFT!!**



**A TOY!**

PROJECTOR,  
A.C. OR D.C.  
CURRENT

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE PAT

Actual size of the COMICSCOPE is seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide

**SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE  
COMIC CHARACTERS IN  
FULL COLOR**

**ONLY  
\$1.00**

**A New Amazing Invention**

**THRILLS! ACTION DRAMA**

Everything included! Comicscope—tube and lens. Remember the Comicscope operates on A. C. or D. C. current and will screen any picture and colored comics in their exact color.

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ABSOLUTELY FREE!!**

Melt the coupon together with \$1.00 and you will receive one COMICSCOPE, together with tube and lens and 15 pictures in black and white which you can color together with other pictures. Act immediately. Be the first in your neighborhood to get this offer.

It's new — it's wonderful. Have a barrel of fun with this picture projector. Flash your favorite DAVY CROCKETT on the screen in full color. By attaching the COMICSCOPE to any electrical lamp or socket AC or DC it is ready for use. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "film" and flash them on a wall or screen. Astonish your friends.

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am enclosing \$1.00. I am also to receive 15 Davy  
Crockett pictures and other pictures for me to color  
and project.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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**THIS OFFER IS FOR A LIMITED  
TIME ONLY—SO DO NOT DELAY**

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# Dan'l Boone

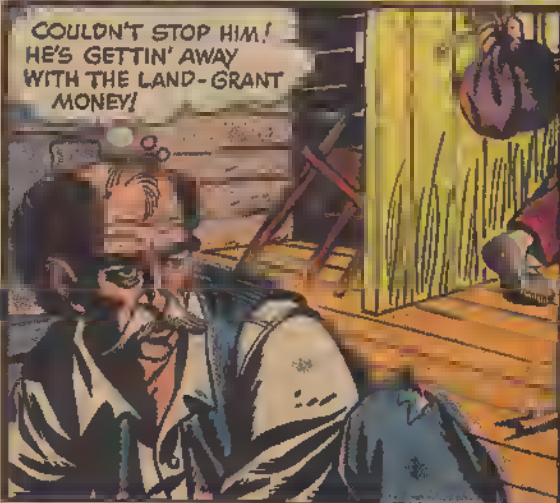
OUT IN THE WILDERNESS, DAN'L BOONE WAS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANY BEAST OR BADMAN CROSSING HIS TRAIL! BUT THIS WAS THE CITY... WHERE WOODLORE DIDN'T COUNT... AND A BAND OF WILY SCOUNDRELS HAD CORNERED

**THE  
MAN TO  
TRUST!**



IT STARTED INSIDE A FRONTIER STOCKADE—

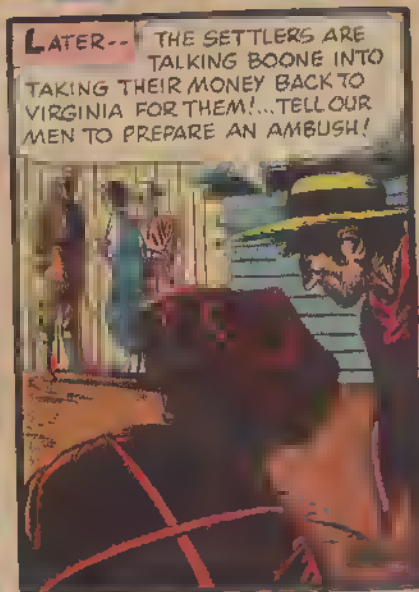
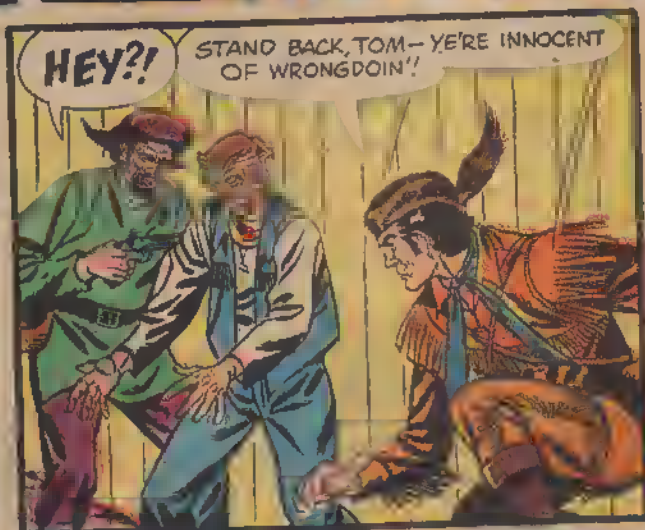
COULDN'T STOP HIM!  
HE'S GETTIN' AWAY  
WITH THE LAND-GRANT  
MONEY!



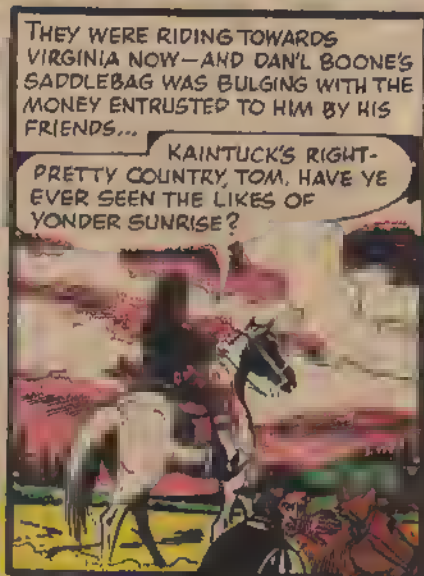
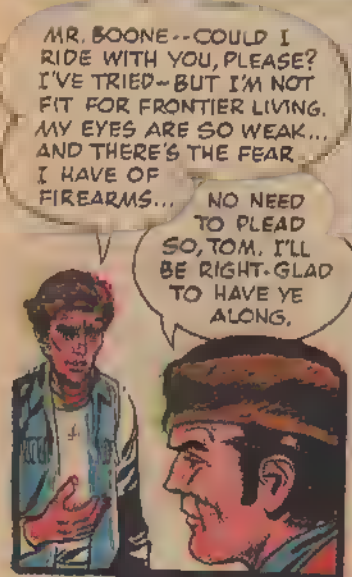
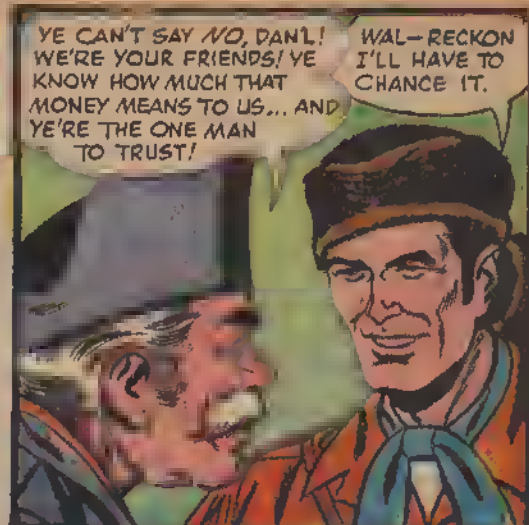
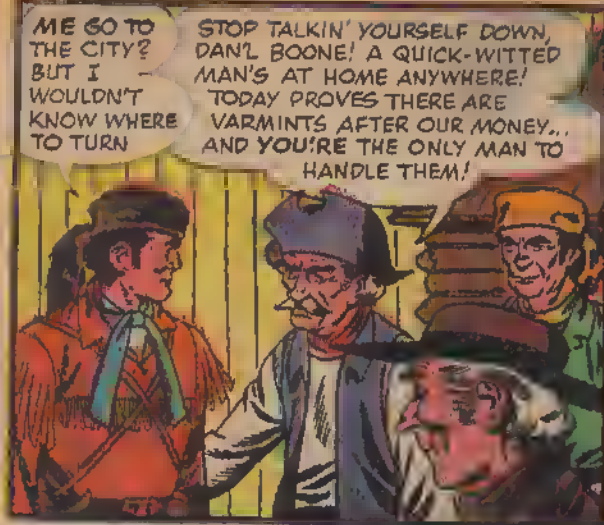
HE HAS THE  
LAND WARRANT  
MONEY! I'LL—

DON'T SHOOT—YE'LL HIT  
TOM BAKER! THE VARMINT'S  
USIN' HIM FOR A SHIELD!









BUT THEN-- THAT'S QUEER-- I WAS ABLE TO  
DRIVE 'EM OFF, JUST BY SWINGIN'  
THIS! NOT ONE OF 'EM WAS CARRYIN' A RIFLE...!



AT LAST-- JAMES CITY, VIRGINIA...

CITY-WAYS  
SURE ARE  
STRANGE.  
WITH SET  
TIMES FOR  
CLOSIN' OFFICES AND  
SUCH-LIKE...!

THE OFFICE IS CLOSED FOR THE  
DAY, SIR-- YOU'LL HAVE TO  
COME BACK IN THE  
MORNING!

LAN  
WARRANT  
OFFICE



RECKON WE'LL HAVE  
TO BE SLEEPIN'  
OVER, TOM.

WE'RE IN  
LUCK-- HERE'S  
AN INN.



LATER--

I TRUST YOU'VE  
ENJOYED YOUR  
MEAL, GENTLEMEN-- AND I  
HOPE YOU SLEEP WELL!

THANK YE, SLEEPIN'  
WELL IS (YAWN)  
JUST WHAT I AIM  
TO DO!



HE SLEEPS SOUNDLY... FOR  
ONE WHO WAS ENTRUSTED  
WITH SO MUCH MONEY!



IN THE MORNING --

TOM, WAKE UP! TELL ME--  
DID YE HEAR ANYTHIN'  
IN THE NIGHT? ... THE  
SADDLEBAG'S GONE-- IT'S  
BEEN STOLEN!

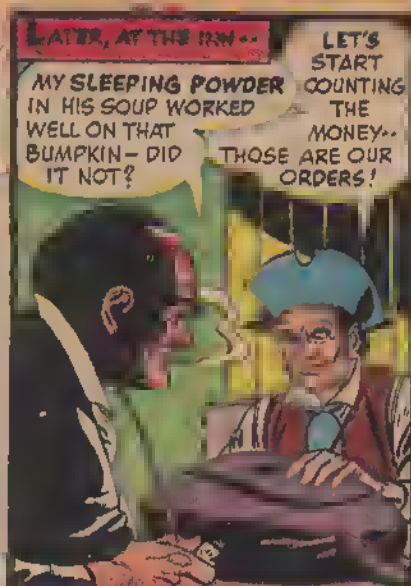


BELIEVE ME, SIR  
THIS HAS NEVER  
HAPPENED BEFORE!  
SURELY YOU DON'T  
THINK THAT...  
I--

ONLY  
THING I'M  
THINKIN'  
IS THAT MY  
FRIENDS  
TRUSTED ME...  
AND I FAILED



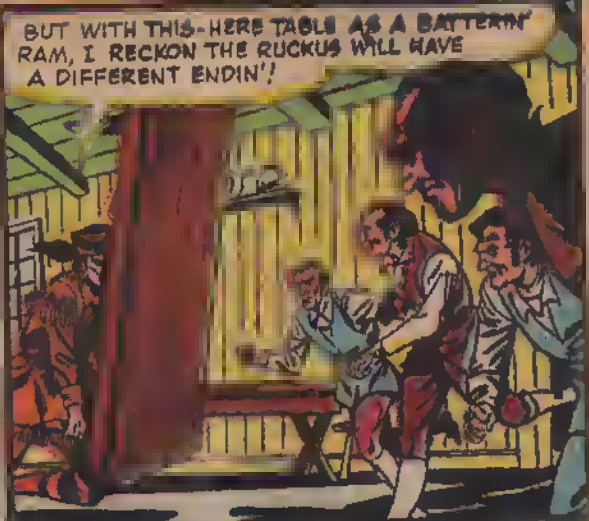




NO DOUBT ABOUT IT— BY MY LONESOME, THE LOT OF YE WOULD BE MORE THAN I COULD HANDLE...



BUT WITH THIS—HERE TABLE AS A BATTERY'N' RAM, I RECKON THE RUCKUS WILL HAVE A DIFFERENT ENDIN'!



LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE GETTIN' MY FRIENDS' MONEY OVER TO THAT OFFICE AFTER ALL...

I'LL TAKE THAT BAG, BOONE!



TOM BAKER!

WHO ELSE?...WHO DO YOU THINK PLANNED EVERY ATTEMPT ON THE MONEY? FROM THE MAN AT THE STOCKADE TO THE AMBUSH ON THE TRAIL AND TO THIS INN THAT I MADE SURE WE'D SLEEP AT!



SO THAT'S WHY THOSE AMBUSHERS DIDN'T HAVE FIREARMS... BECAUSE THEY KNEW YE'D BE THERE, AND YE'RE AFRAID OF ANYTHIN' THAT SHOOTS!

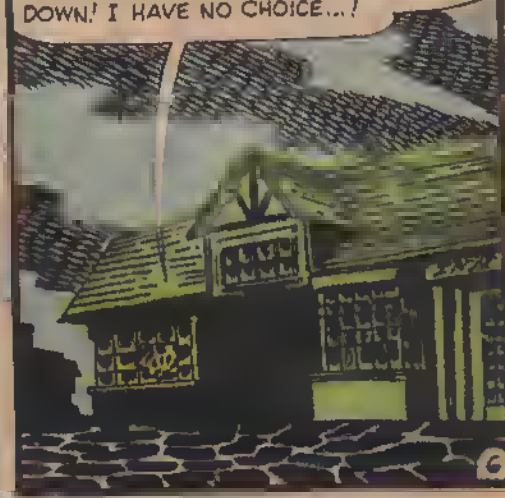
SURE I'M AFRAID, BOONE...



... BUT I'M GOING TO USE A GUN NOW!



I HAVE NO CHOICE, BOONE! IF I LET YOU WALK FROM THIS ROOM, YOU'D KEEP COMING AFTER ME TILL YOU'D TRACK ME DOWN! I HAVE NO CHOICE...!





NO USE FEINTING, BOONE...  
NO USE MOVING ABOUT.  
THE RANGE IS TOO CLOSE...  
EVEN FOR ME TO MISS!



STAND BACK,  
YOU FOOL!



**KRAKK!**  
**KRAKK!**



I RECKONED ON THOSE WEAK EYES OF YOURS  
NOT BEIN' ABLE TO STAND THE LANTERN'S  
GLARE—THAT'S WHY I MOVED SO YE HAD TO  
LOOK SQUARE INTO IT...  
AND IT BLINDED YE,  
CAUSIN' YE TO SHOOT  
WILD!



AND SO, SOME TIME LATER—

HERE ARE YOUR LAND WARRANTS, FRIENDS!  
THOUGHT FOR A SPELL I WOULDN'T GET  
THEM... BUT EVERYTHIN' WORKED OUT FINE  
IN THE END!



WE KNEW YE'D BRING 'EM  
THROUGH SAFE! WE KNEW  
DAN'L BOONE WAS THE  
MAN TO TRUST!

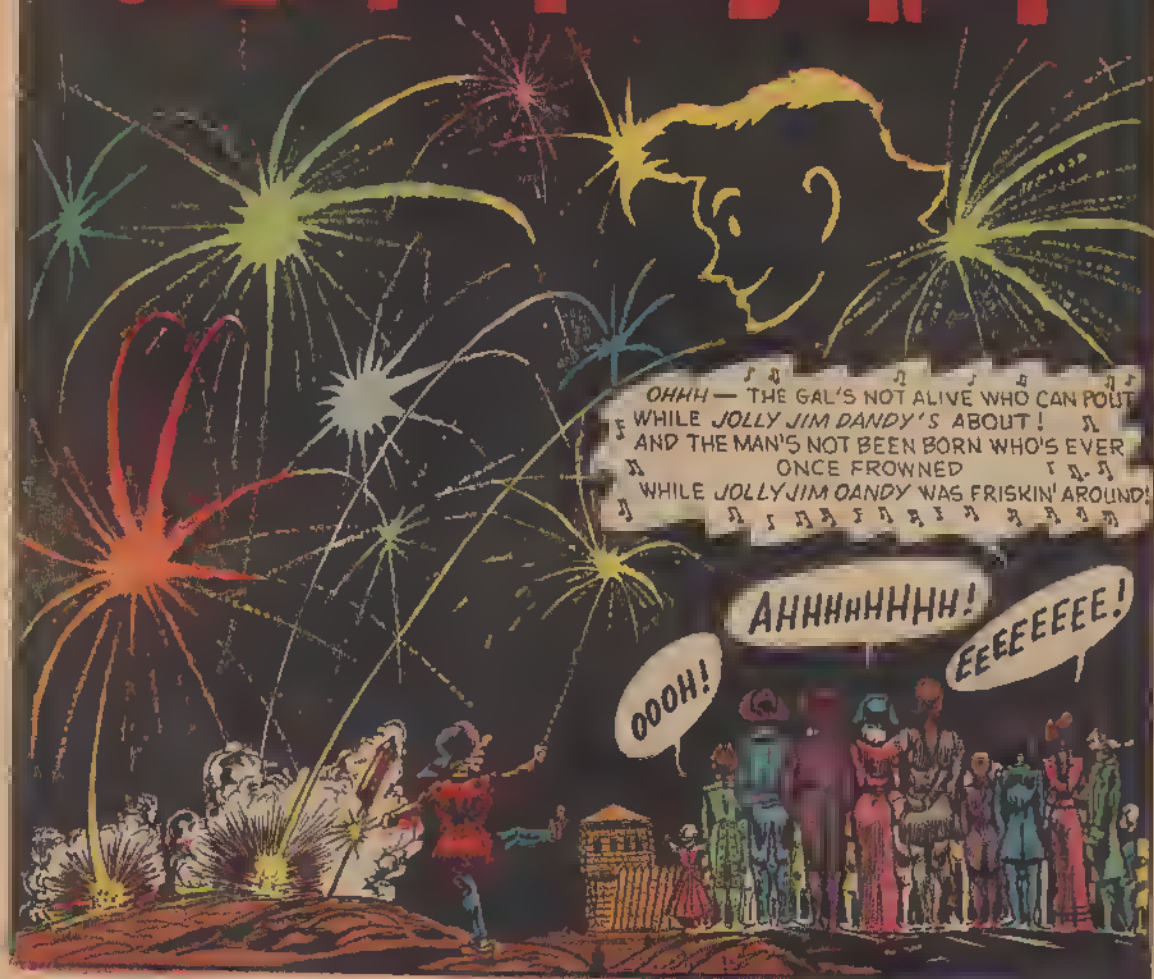


The  
End





# JOLLY JIM DANDY



WANTUCK'S A LONELY LAND, JIM...  
HAY! SOMEBODY AS JOLLY AS YOU  
ALONG SURE HELPS WHILE AWAY  
THE DREAR WINTER!

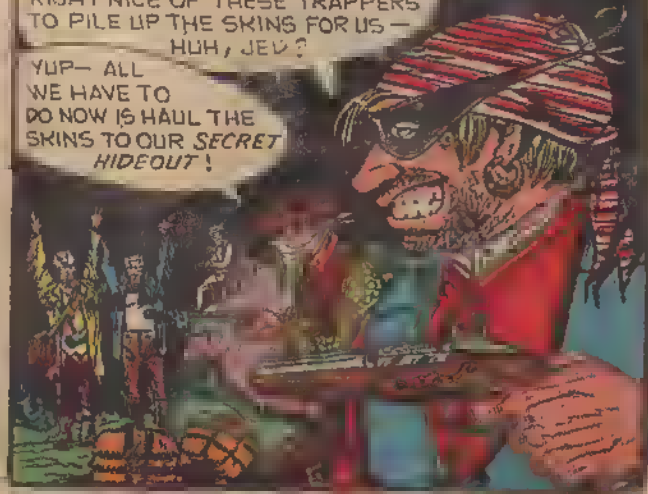
SHUCKS, IF YE LIKED **THESE**  
FIREWORKS, FRIEND— JUST  
WAIT TILL YE SEE THE ONES I  
BRING IN NEXT MONTH!



**N**EXT MONTH, DEEP IN THE FOREST—

RIGHT NICE OF THESE TRAPPERS  
TO PILE UP THE SKINS FOR US—  
HUH, JED?

YUP— ALL  
WE HAVE TO  
DO NOW IS HAUL THE  
SKINS TO OUR **SECRET**  
HIDEOUT!

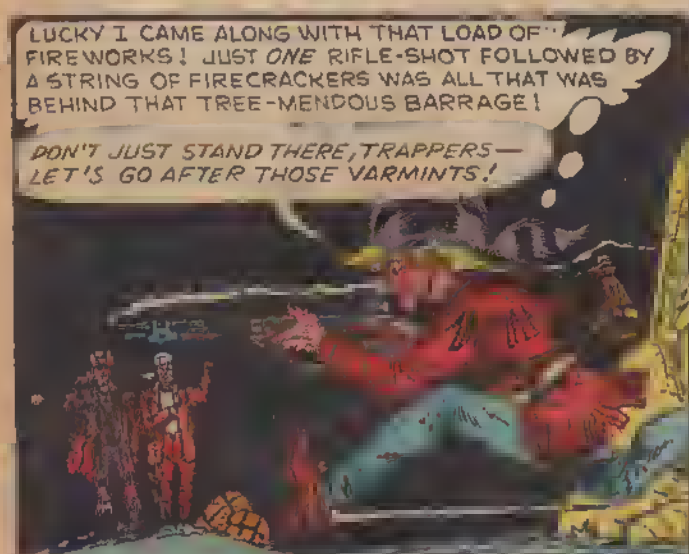




JUST THEN—  
HEY! SOMEBODY IS SHOOTIN' AT US!

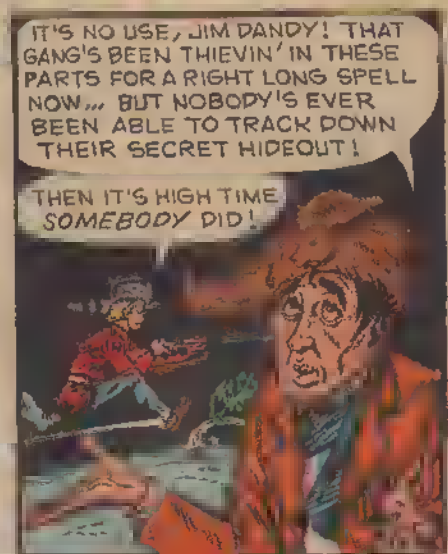


RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, MEN!  
IT'S A WHOLE ARMY WITH CANNON AND EVERYTHING!



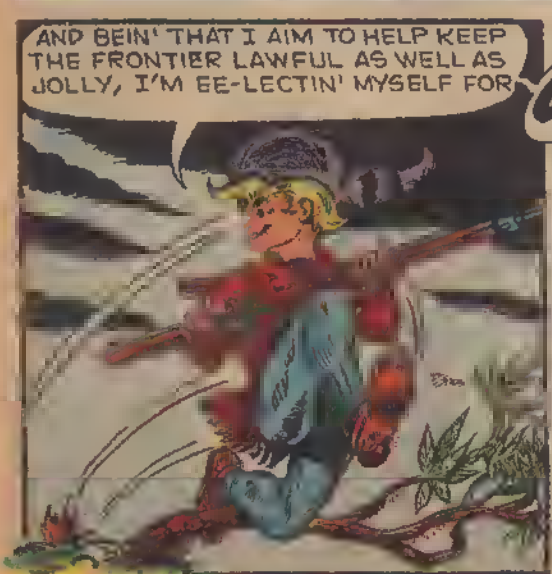
LUCKY I CAME ALONG WITH THAT LOAD OF FIREWORKS! JUST ONE RIFLE-SHOT FOLLOWED BY A STRING OF FIRECRACKERS WAS ALL THAT WAS BEHIND THAT TREE-MENDOUS BARRAGE!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, TRAPPERS—LET'S GO AFTER THOSE VARMINTS!

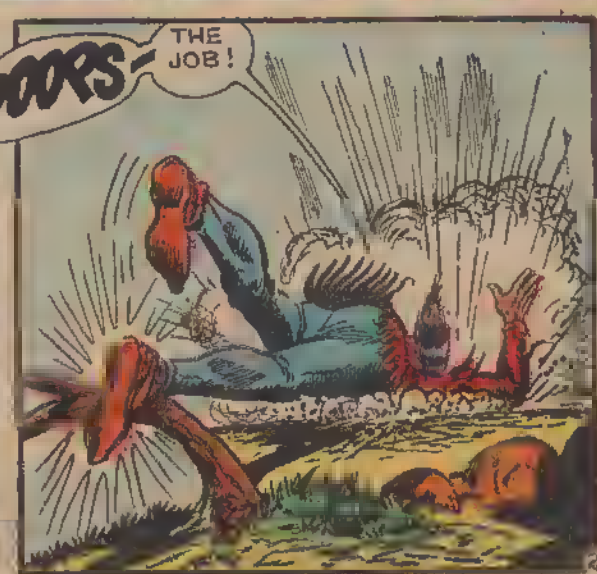


IT'S NO USE, JIM DANDY! THAT GANG'S BEEN THIEVIN' IN THESE PARTS FOR A RIGHT LONG SPELL NOW... BUT NOBODY'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO TRACK DOWN THEIR SECRET HIDEOUT!

THEN IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEBODY DID!



AND BEIN' THAT I AIM TO HELP KEEP THE FRONTIER LAWFUL AS WELL AS JOLLY, I'M EE-LECTIN' MYSELF FOR



DOORS— THE JOB!



LATER—

HMPF! THESE TRACKS ARE AS EASY TO READ AS A SCHOOLMASTER'S HANDWRITIN'!!!

HMMM — THEY STOP RIGHT HERE! UH OH— CLIMB-MARKS ON THOSE TREES!!!

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY NOBODY'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO TRAIL 'EM BEFORE! ALL THEY DO IS SWING THROUGH THESE TREES TILL THEY REACH THE RIVER!

AND NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WADE UPSTREAM AND DOWN, TILL I FIND JUST WHERE THEY CLIMBED UP ONTO THE BANK!

WAL, LOOK WHO'S CRAWLED BACK!

FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM, HE TRAILED THOSE VARMINTS CLEAR TO THE RIVER JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO DO!

AND THEN — THE SAME AS EVERYBODY ELSE — HE NEVER COULD FIND WHERE THEY CLIMBED UP ONTO THE BANK!

LAUGH AS MUCH AS YE WANT, BUT SURE AS MY NAME'S **AH-CHOO!** I MEAN, SURE AS MY NAME'S JIM DANDY — I'LL FIND THAT HIDEOUT AND BRING EVERY LAST ONE OF THOSE VARMINTS TO JUSTICE!

A MONTH LATER —

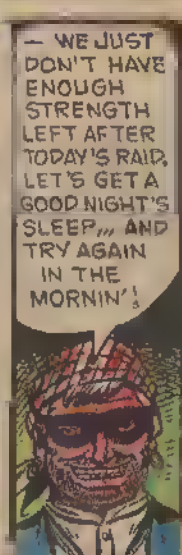
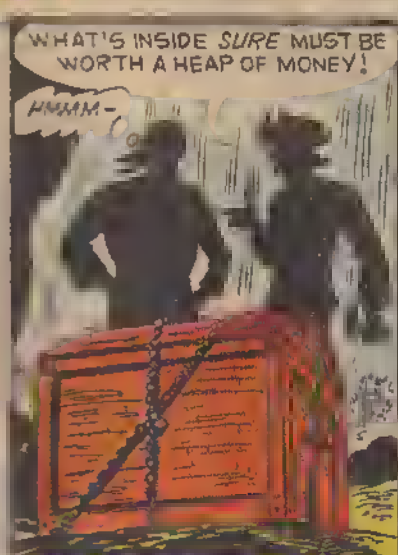
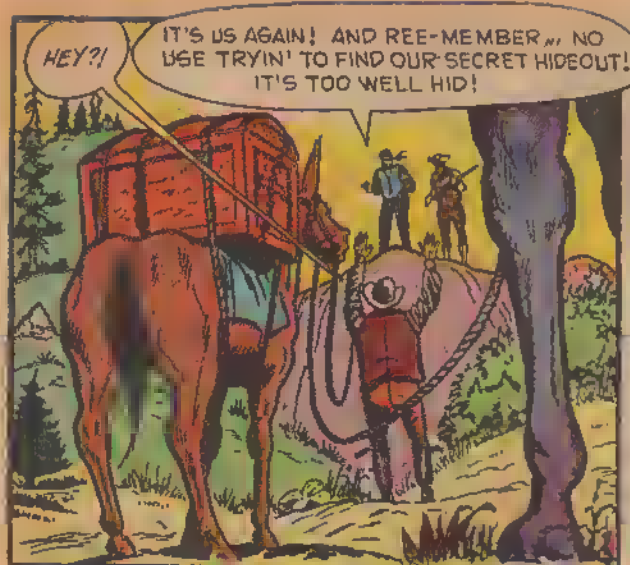
POOR JIM DANDY! HE HARDLY EVER SMILES SINCE HE TOOK TO TRYIN' TO FIND THAT SECRET HIDEOUT!

I'VE HEARD HE'S GIVEN UP! AND I'M GLAD — FOR HE WAS FRETTEIN' HIMSELF CLEAR DOWN TO NOTHIN'!

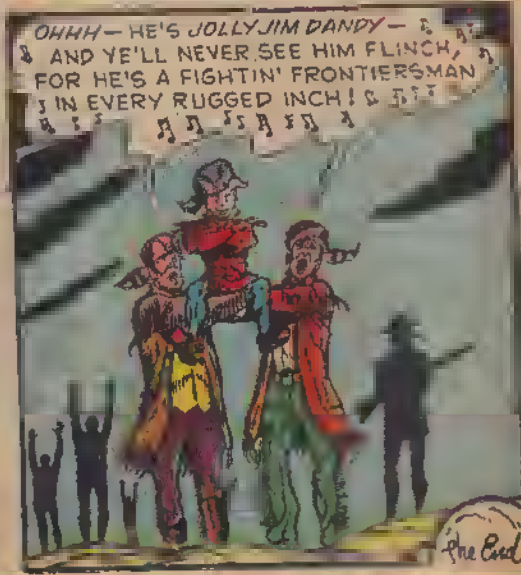
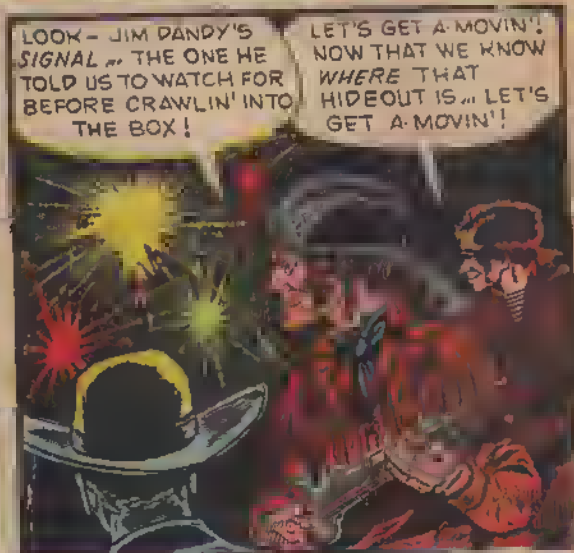
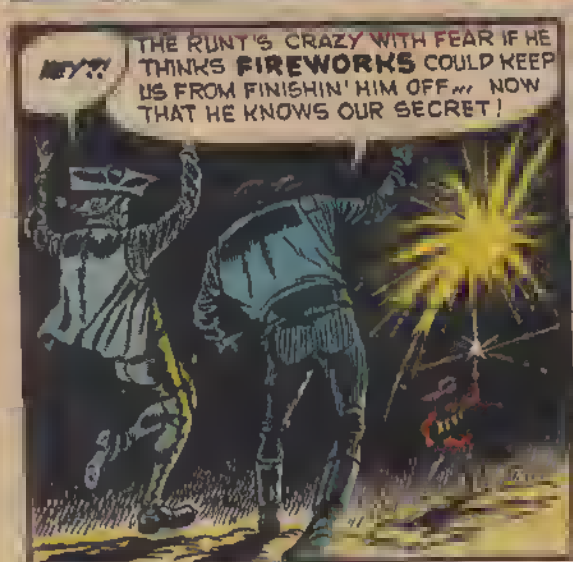
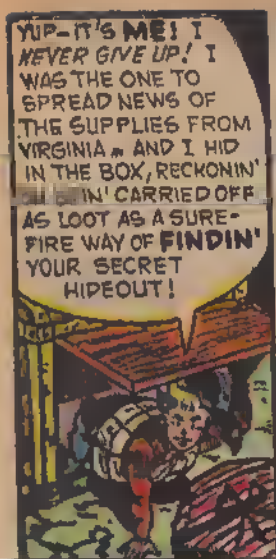
ANOTHER MONTH LATER—

THERE COMES THOSE SUPPLIES FROM VIRGINIA WE HEARD TELL ABOUT!

LOOK AT THAT BOX, WILL YE? WHAT'S INSIDE, SURE MUST BE WORTH A HEAP OF MONEY!







The End

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1953.

**THEODORE MARVIN,**  
Notary Public, State of New York  
No. 03-7747800  
Qualified in Bronx County  
Certs. filed with Bronx & N. Y. Co. Clk. & Reg.

Commission expires March 30, 1954



We bring you the fifth in a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

# THE GANTLET

**Y**OUNG TAD JONES knew his friend, Jim Kirby, to be as cool and resourceful as any man on the wild frontier. He knew him to have more chunks of frontier know-how tucked up his fringed buckskin sleeve than a hound dog has fleas. But the way Kirby arranged things that time they had to run the pork-crumbed gantlet between Red Lick River and Bryan's Station, really topped all the rest!

• • •

They were in a tight spot all right that day, crouching in the reeds bordering the Red Lick, with old Ebenezer Walton lying half-dead between them — and the angry Shawnees trampling through the tall green stalks less than two hundred yards away, coming closer and closer. . . .

Black Cloud, the Shawnee chief, had counted on getting a big ransom for Old Ebenezer, knowing him to be well liked by all settlers in the territory. Right after taking him captive, the chief had given strict order that he be guarded closely. But old Ebenezer's age — the never-stop trembling of his gnarled thick-veined hands — set the Shawnees to thinking he was too old and feeble ever to make a break for freedom.

So they relaxed their guard . . . and the first chance Ebenezer got—being wondrously hale and hearty for his age, despite his hands' trembling—he ran clear out of the encampment.

But after a spell of running, his age did tell against him. And even though he could hear the faint war-whoops of the Shawnees hot on his trail, he had to stop to rest.

He leaned weakly against a tree, hardly able to breathe. Sighing brokenly, he shut his eyes to spare himself the sight of the Shawnees coming. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder . . . and when he forced his eyes open, he almost swallowed his tongue in a gasp of surprise.

For Jim Kirby and young Tad Jones, moving through the thick shadows of the forest quiet as two cats had come upon him before the Shawnees could.

That was the start of the gantlet—with Kirby hearing old Ebenezer's tale of capture and escape, and Kirby opining grimly that there wasn't anything Chief Black Cloud wouldn't do now to get the old man back. That the chief, being wily, would know Ebenezer had no choice but to set out for Bryan's Station — and if need be, the chief would string out his warriors in a gantlet between here and there. . . .

Before Tad could ask what their first move would be, Kirby directed him to help hustle old Ebenezer over to the stretch of reeds bordering the river. And because the Shawnees were so close, there was no time to blind their trail.

So now the three of them lay in the reeds—with the Shawnees trampling through the tall green stalks, coming ever closer. . . .

\* \* \*

And they would have been caught for sure right there and then—if Kirby hadn't come up with his first chunk of frontier know-how.

Pulling out three reeds, breaking the ends cleanly, he motioned Tad to help drag Ebenezer even closer to the river. . . .

And when the Shawnees trampled their way clear to the water's edge, neither the old man nor his rescuers were to be seen.

Jabbering angrily, the Shawnees waded into the water and found tracks leading up the far bank. But the tracks stopped at a rock outcrop edging the bank, and couldn't be picked up again despite a heap of close searching. So at last the Shawnees moved on with Chief Black Cloud loudly giving orders to set up a gantlet just as Jim Kirby had opined he would. . . .

And all that time the three hunted men were hiding underwater, breathing through

reeds that just broke the surface. They'd had time to climb the far bank, stop at the rock crop, then step back carefully in their own tracks down to the river again. And it had worked right fine. The Shawnees had been sure they'd managed to blind their trail *beyond* the river, never dreaming *that's* just where they were all through the search.

\* \* \*

At nightfall, they moved out, counting on darkness to cloak their slow, cautious movements. Old Ebenezer was coughing bad and his hands were trembling worse than ever. They covered scant distance that night.

In the morning, they were resting wearily in a narrow ravine . . . when they hit the second post of the gantlet.

But the Shawnees who had spotted them—not knowing yet who Ebenezer's rescuers were—made the fatal mistake of war-whooping before they charged. And Jim Kirby had time to sight down the long barrel of his Kentucky rifle.

**KRAKK!**

The warrior leading the charge crumpled to the tune of startled yelps by the others. Then the others turned tail and ran for their lives.

For that oh-so-true, far-range shot had told them they had none other than Jim Kirby to deal with—and not one of those Shawnees chose to stay around to be pinpointed by another bullet from Kirby's famed rifle.

"From here on in they'll play it cagey," Kirby said as he rammed a new charge home. They'll try to get us without comin' close."

But knowing that didn't mean the three began to take chances. They kept blinding their trail, zigzagging as they moved toward Bryan Station, running along fallen tree trunks wherever they could. For two days and two nights they saw neither hide nor hair of the Shawnees—but knowing Chief Black Cloud and having heard his orders, they knew the gantlet was still on. . . .

And they were right. Ahead of them lay a junction of trails that left them with no choice but to take the remaining one if they were to get to the station without a long detour. On that trail, the Shawnees had set up a giant snare. They had blinded the snare carefully, covering it with leaves and branches, working long hours—for they wanted to make sure Kirby's keen eyes would not spot the trap before springing it and being swept up off his feet.

Now the three were coming up that trail, their pace quickened by the nearness of Bryan's Station—and the snare hung just around the bend. . . .

**"STOP!"**

It was Jim Kirby's voice that rang out the warning to the other two. For the Shawnees had blinded the trail too well, carrying leaves over to places where leaves wouldn't naturally have fallen. And his keen eyes, sharpened even further by suspicion, had made out the dim outlines of the giant snare. . . .

They were almost in sight of the station now—on a bluff separated by thick trees from the clearing's edge. But old Ebenezer was in worse shape than ever, and there was no moving him just then. And now the Shawnees, frenzied and wrathful by the likelihood of their gantlet failing, were closing in again—this time openly.

A young hook-nosed warrior had outstripped the rest. He was climbing the steep trail toward them, one hand clutching at roots, the other hefting his war-axe.

"Tad," Kirby said, "run to the station. Get help."

"I can't leave," Tad said. "You'll have time for only one shot. And then the rest of the Shawnees will —"

"Ye heard me, boy. *Do as I said!*"

Those last four words were spoken so firmly, they left Tad no choice. Turning sadly, he began to run for the station. And as he ran, he had visions of that young hook-nosed warrior going down before Kirby's rifle—but then the rest overpowering Kirby before he had a chance to reload. . . .

\* \* \*

Now Tad was running back to the bluff with a grim band of settlers at his heels. No sound greeted the rescue party from beyond the thick trees. And for the first time, Tad realized he hadn't even heard *one* shot from Kirby's rifle since leaving him. Fear had begun to spread like an opening hand inside Tad . . . when suddenly he saw them.

Jim Kirby and Ebenezer Walton were sitting coolly, just the two of them, smiling and waving.

"The Shawnees? Where are they?" Tad yelled.

"They've skedaddled back," Kirby said.

"B-but how did you —?"

"Weren't much," Kirby said. "That hook-nosed young warrior that had outstripped the rest . . . I knew him to be Chief Black Cloud's own son. So all I had to do was pin him to the ground—and then **TRADE HIM FOR OUR FREEDOM** when the rest led by Black Cloud himself, showed up!"

Well, after hearing that, all Tad could say was, "*Whew!*" and smile weakly.

He'd always known Jim Kirby to be cool and resourceful — but **THIS** really topped all!

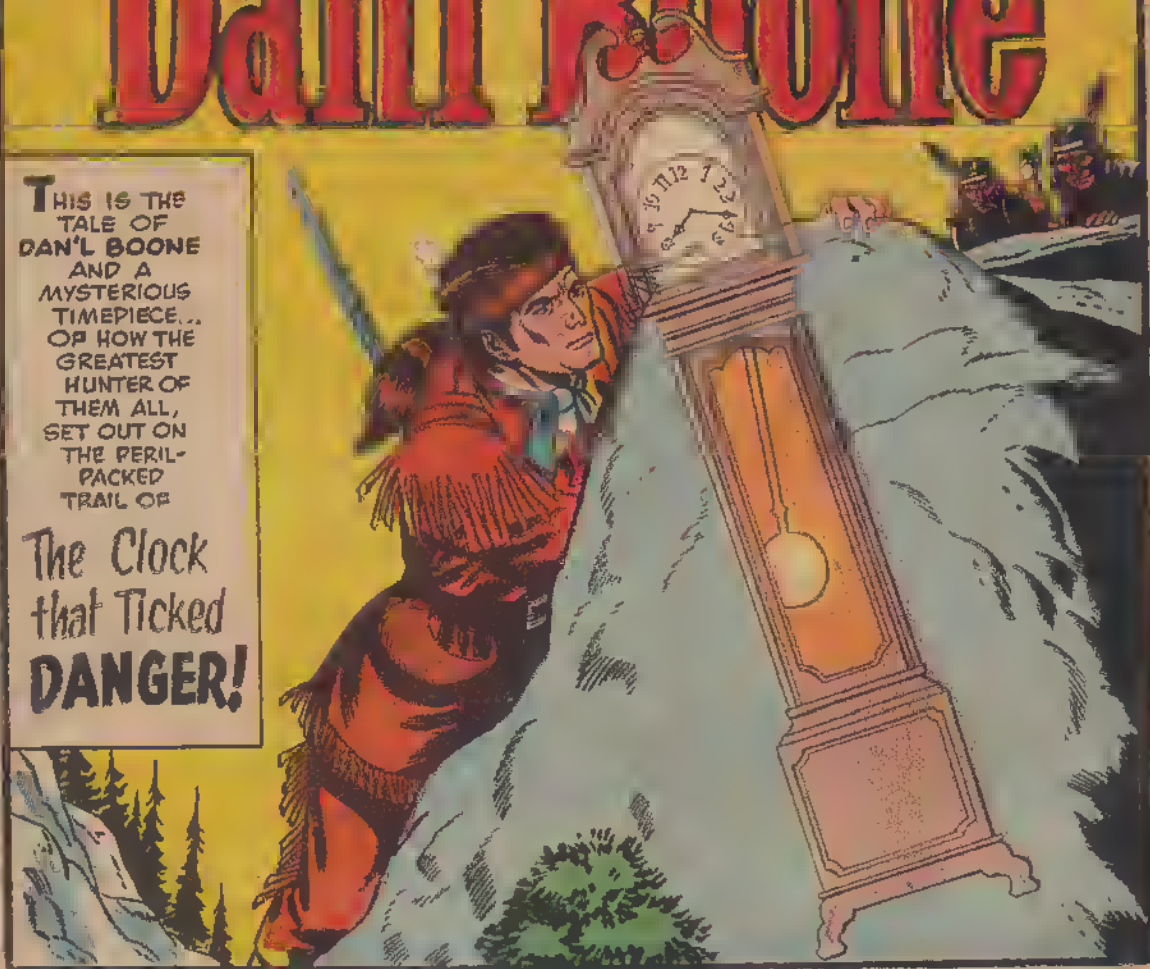
**THE END**



# Dan'l Boone

THIS IS THE  
TALE OF  
DAN'L BOONE  
AND A  
MYSTERIOUS  
TIMEPIECE...  
OF HOW THE  
GREATEST  
HUNTER OF  
THEM ALL,  
SET OUT ON  
THE PERIL-  
PACKED  
TRAIL OF

The Clock  
that Ticked  
**DANGER!**



MOST FOLKS IN THAT SETTLEMENT WERE  
DOING POORLY THAT WINTER...

I'M HUNGRY,  
MA!

SHHHH, CHILD-- WON'T BE  
LONG NOW THAT YE'LL HAVE  
YOUR FULL OF VITTELS--!



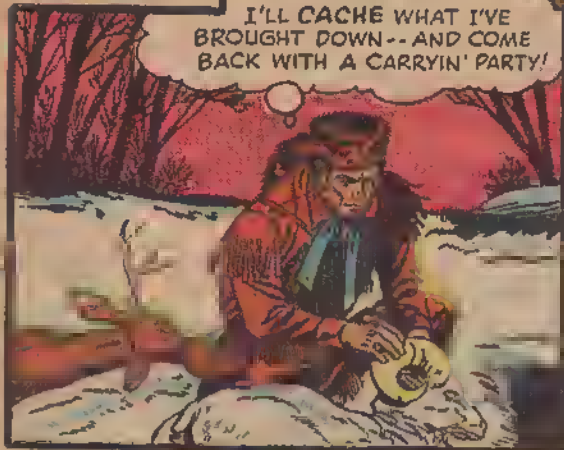
-- FOR DAN'L BOONE HAS COME BY! AND  
HAVIN' HEARD HOW STARVED WE  
ALL ARE -- HE'S GOIN' A-HUNTIN'!



THAT'S HOW THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE  
CLOCK STARTED-- WITH BOONE SETTIN' OFF  
ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY....

THAT DAY AND THE NERF, WILD GAME KEPT CRASHING DOWN TO THE TUNE OF TICK-LICKER'S SHARP REPORT...

I'LL CACHE WHAT I'VE BROUGHT DOWN -- AND COME BACK WITH A CARRYIN' PARTY!



NOW BOONS HAD USED HIS LAST BULLET AND WAS HEADING BACK FOR THE SETTLEMENT AS FAST AS HE COULD --

WHEN A MAN'S TOTIN' AN EMPTY RIFLE, THE FOREST'S NO PLACE FOR.... UH-OH-- SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE OVER YONDER!



HELP!...  
HELP!!



THAT GRIZZLY! I STUMBLED OVER HER CUB... SHE'S COMING RIGHT FOR ME!



HEY?!



?!





JUST SAY YIHT, STRANGER--  
AND COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY  
THAT DAWL BOONE HAD  
TIME TO CLIMB THIS-HERE  
TREE AND PULL YE UP!

B-BUT  
WON'T THE  
BEAR TRY  
TO CLIMB  
UP AFTER  
US?

NOTHIN' WOULD SUIT HER BETTER--  
AND THAT'S WHY I CHOSE THIS  
NARROW, RUNTY SPRUCE. THE TRUNK'S  
TOO SMALL FOR HER TO HUG. YE'LL  
SEE-- SHE'LL BE TRAIPSIN' OFF  
BEFORE LONG.

AMAZING! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BOONE--  
YOU'RE AT HOME IN THE WILDERNESS! IN FACT,  
YOU'RE THE VERY MAN TO GET  
MY CLOCK BACK FOR ME!

YOUR  
CLOCK...?

I KNOW IT SOUNDS ODD-- BUT LET  
ME START AT THE BEGINNING. MY  
NAME'S SILAS TRIMMER. I'M A TRADER.  
I IMPORT SUPPLIES FROM VIRGINIA, AND  
SELL THEM TO THE  
SETTLERS OUT  
HERE...

"GENERALLY MY STOCK IS WELL  
GUARDED, BUT TODAY I WAS  
ALONE. AND TODAY THEY CAME...

INDIANS!

"THE NEXT THING I  
KNEW..."

TH-THEY'VE TAKEN ALL  
THE SUPPLIES! AND  
THE CLOCK!...THEY'VE  
TAKEN THAT TOO!

I STILL DON'T  
SEE WHAT'S  
SO SPECIAL  
ABOUT THAT  
CLOCK.

IT'S BEEN IN MY FAMILY  
FOR GENERATIONS! IT'S  
AN HEIRLOOM THAT'S  
ALWAYS BROUGHT  
GOOD LUCK!



HMMM - NAME MY PRICE, YE SAID, RIGHT?  
WELL, THE FOLKS HEREABOUTS ARE DON'T ~~REPAIR~~  
POORLY, IF I BRING YE THAT CLOCK - ~~WILL YE~~  
TIDE THEM OVER WITH SUPPLIES ON CREDIT  
TILL THEY GET BACK ON  
THEIR FEET AGAIN?

I'LL BE GLAD  
TO! IT'S A  
BARGAIN!

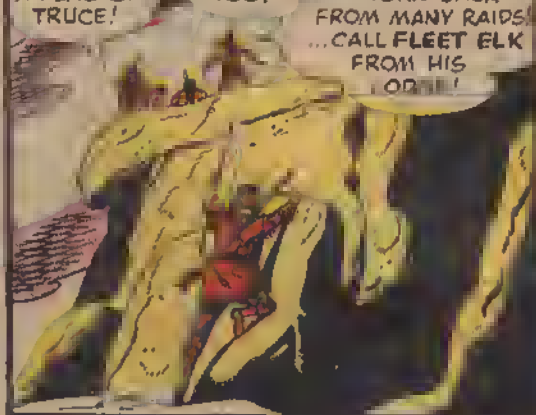


AFTER  
DIRECTING  
A CARRYING  
PARTY TO  
THE GAME  
CACHE,  
BOONE  
SET OUT  
ON THE  
TRAIL  
OF THE  
CLOCK!  
AND  
EARLY THE  
NEXT  
MORNING,  
IN THE  
RAIDERS'  
ENCAMP-  
MENT...

BOONE  
COMES...  
CARRYING  
A FLAG OF  
TRUCE!

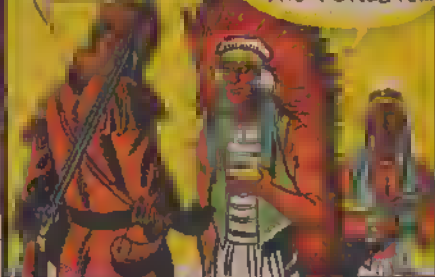
HE IS CARRYING  
HIS FAMOUS  
LONG RIFLE  
TOO!

THE SAME  
RIFLE THAT  
MADE US  
TURN BACK  
FROM MANY RAIDS!  
...CALL FLEET ELK  
FROM HIS  
HIDEOUT!



...THAT'S THE WHOLE  
STORY, CHIEF - I'M  
NOT ASKIN' FOR THE  
SUPPLIES TO BE  
RETURNED OR FOR  
ANYBODY TO BE  
PUNISHED. ALL I  
WANT IS THE  
CLOCK!

I AM A  
LOVER OF  
GAMES,  
BOONE -  
AND YOU  
ARE KNOWN  
AS THE  
GREATEST  
HUNTER IN  
THE FORESTS...



LET THERE BE A HUNTING  
GAME BETWEEN YOU AND  
FLEET ELK, A WARRIOR  
FROM THE WEST WHO HAS  
JUST JOINED MY TRIBE!  
IF YOU WIN THE GAME,  
THE CLOCK WILL BE YOURS!...  
FLEET ELK - LET BOONE  
SEE HOW YOUR BULLETS  
ALWAYS FIND THEIR MARK!



HE'S A RIGHT FINE MARKSMAN,  
CHIEF.





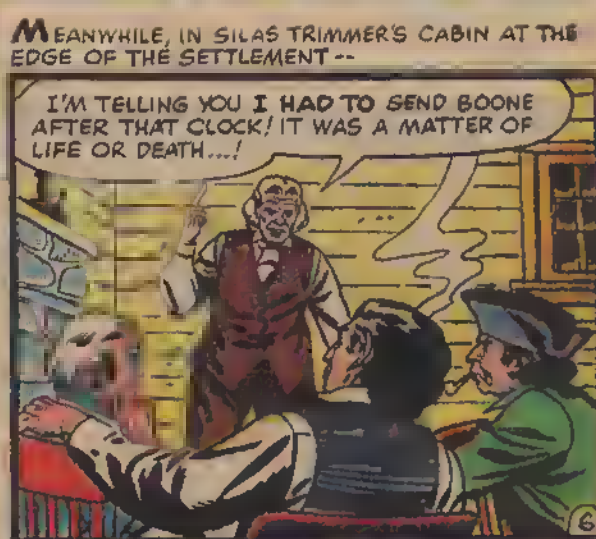
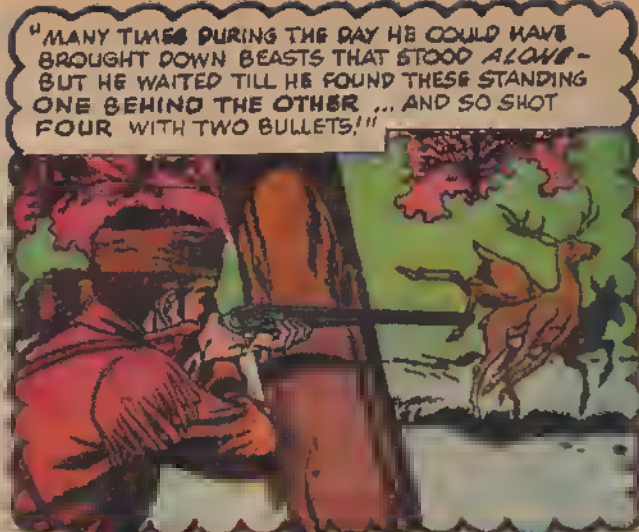


THEY HAD BEEN OUT A FULL HOUR NOW/ THE  
FIRST SHOT WAS FIRED BY FLEET ELK-



LATER, BACK AT THE ENCAMPMENT--







I'D BEEN USING THE CLOCK  
AS A HIDING PLACE FOR  
ALL MY RECORDS! AND THOSE  
RECORDS PROVE THAT I'VE  
BEEN PROFITEERING!



- THAT I'VE BEEN OVER-  
CHARGING THE SETTLERS  
TENFOLD ON ALL THE  
SUPPLIES!

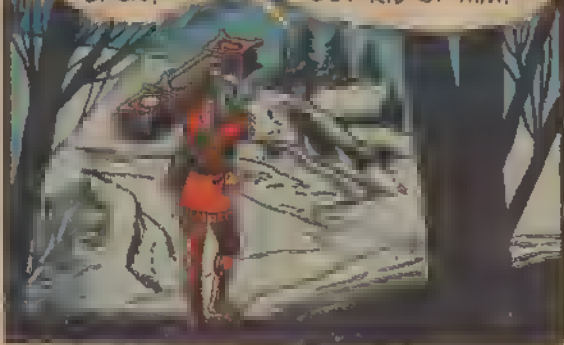


SO WHAT?  
THE  
INDIANS  
CAN'T READ!

WHAT IF THE INDIANS  
TRADED THE CLOCK... AND  
IT FELL INTO THE WRONG  
HANDS?! THE WAY THOSE  
SETTLERS HAVE BEEN  
SUFFERING LATELY... DO  
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'D  
DO IF THEY EVER FOUND  
OUT ABOUT ME?!



BUT WHAT ABOUT BOONE  
HIMSELF? YE REALLY  
THINK HE'S SWALLOWED  
THAT STORY YE GAVE  
HIM ABOUT WHY YE  
WANTED THE CLOCK  
BACK?



THAT'S WHY  
I'VE CALLED YOU  
ALL TOGETHER!  
ONCE BOONE  
DELIVERS THAT  
CLOCK... WE MUST  
GET RID OF HIM!

NOT LONG AFTER-

HERE IT IS, MR. TILLER-  
YE CAN REST EASY  
NOW.

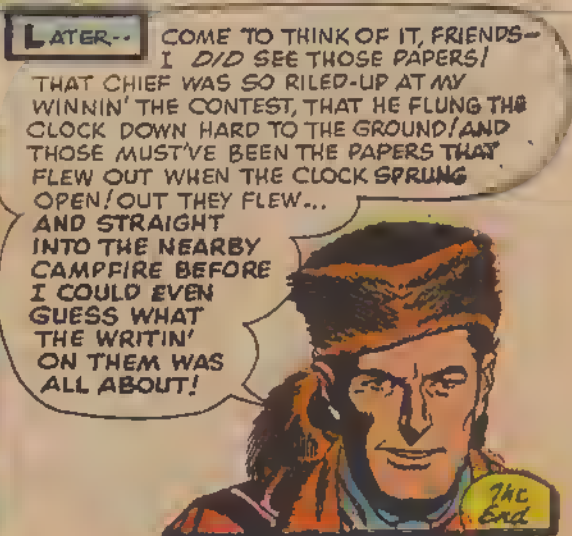
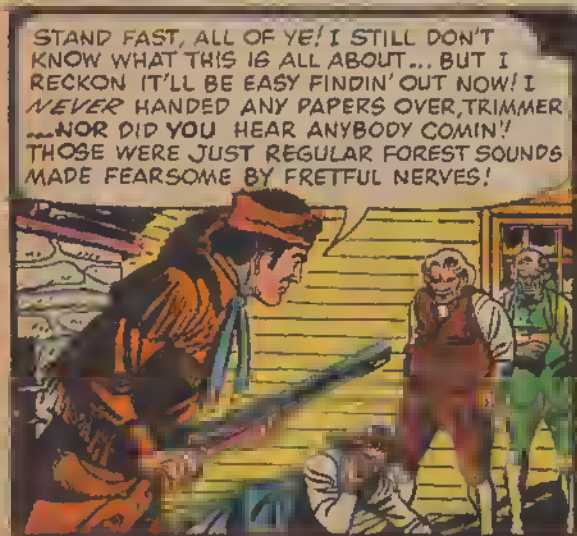


GOOD WORK, MEN!... NOW KEEP AN EYE  
ON HIM WHILE I CHECK FOR THE PAPERS!



THEY'RE  
GONE!!









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BOYS' OR GIRL'S  
BICYCLE



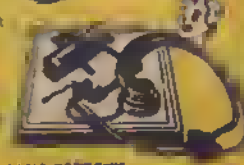
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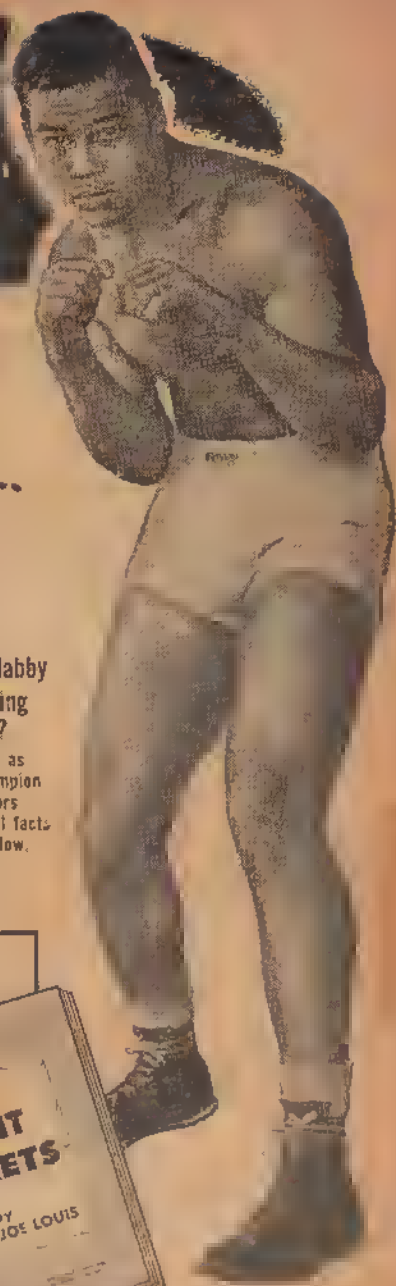
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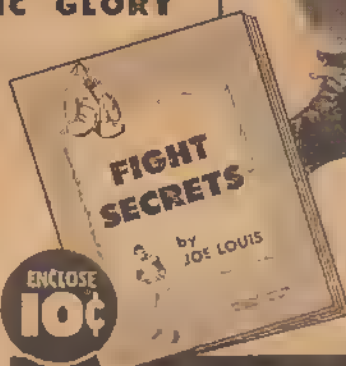
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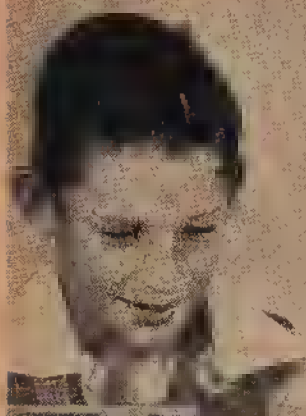
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